

A most excellent and famous Ditty of Sampson Iudge of Israel, how hee wedded
Philistines Daughter, who at length forsooke him: also how hee slew a Lyon, and propoun-
ded a Riddle, and after how hee was fallibly betrayed by Dalila, and of his death,
To the tune of the Spanish pavin.

When Sampson was a tall yong man
His power and strength increased
And in the host and Tribe of Dan,
the Lord did blesse him still.
It chanced so vpon a day,
As he was walking on his way,
He saw a Maiden fresh and gay
in Timnah.
With whom he fell so soze in loue,
That he his fancy could not moue:
His Parents therefore he did proue,
and craued their good wills.
I haue found out a wife quoth he,
I pray you Father giue her me,
Though she a strangers daughter be,
I passe not.
Then did bespake his Parents deere,
Haue we not many Happens here,
Of Countrey and acquaintance neere,
for thee to loue and like?
No, (quoth Sampson presently)
Not one so pleasant in mine eye,
Whom I could find so faithfully
to fancy.
By length they granted their consent:
And so with Sampson forth they went,
To see the Payd was their intent,
which was so faire and bright:
But as they were a going there,
A Lyon put them in great feare,
Whom Sampson presently did teare,
in peeces.
When they were come vnto the place,
They were agreed in the case:
The wedding day appoynted was:
and when the time was come.
As Sampson went for beautes fees,
The Lyons carkasse there he sees,
Wherewith a sort of honny bees
had swarmed.
Then closely Sampson went his way,
And not a word thereof did say,
Vntill the merry feasting day,
vnto the Company.
A Riddle I will shew, quoth he,
The meaning if you tell to me
Within leauen dayes, I will giue ye
great riches.
But if the meaning you doe misse,
And cannot shew me what it is,
Then shall you giue to me (I wille)
so much as I haue said.
But forth the Riddle (then quoth they)
And wee will tell it by our day,
Or we will lose (as thou dost say)
the wager.

Then make (quoth hee) the totall summe
Out of the eater meate did come,
(than And from the strong did sweetnesse runne,
declare it if you can.
And when they heard the Riddle told,
Their hearts within them wared cold:
For none of them could then vnfold
the meaning.
Then vnto Sampsons wife went they
And threatned her with delay,
If she would not the thing bewray,
to burne her Fathers house.
Then Sampsons wife with grieve and woe
Desired him the same to shew:
And when she knew the straight did goe
to tell them.
Then were they all full glad of this,
To tell the thing they did not misse,
What stronger beast then Lyon is:
What sweeter meate then honny?
The Sampson answered them full round:
If my Payfar had not ploughed the ground,
So easily you had not found
my Riddle.
Then Sampson did his losses pay,
And to his father went his way,
But wist with them he there did stay,
his wife forsooke him quite,
And tooke another to her Loue,
Which Sampsons anger much did moue,
To plague them therefore he did proue
his cunning.
A subtil sight he then had found,
To burne their toyne vpon the ground,
Their Vineyards he destroyed round,
which made them fret and fume.
But when they knew that Sampson he
Had done them all this injury,
Because his wife did him deny,
they killed her.
And after ward they had decreed,
To murder Sampson for that deed,
A hye thousand men they sent with speede
to bring him bound to them:
But he did breake his cords aspace,
And with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,
A thousand men ere he did passe,
he killed.
Then all his foes were laid in dust,
Then Sampson was full soze athirst,
In God therefore was all his trust,
to helpe his fainting heart:
For liquoz the reabout was none:
The Lord therefore from the Jaw-bone,
Did make fresh water spring alone,
to helpe him.

Then Sampson had a ioyfull spright,
And in a City lay that night,
Wherewith his foes with deadly spright,
did seeke his life to spill:
But he at midnight then awakes,
And tearing downe the City gates
Culth him away the same he takes,
most stoutly.
Then on Dalila faire and bright,
Did Sampson set his whole delight,
Whom he did loue both day and night,
which wrought his overthrow:
For the with sweete words did intreat,
That for her sake he would repeat,
Wherewith his strength, that was so great
confessed.
At length vnto his water fall,
And through her suite, which was not all,
He did not let to shew her all,
the secrets of his heart:
If that my hayre be cut, (quoth he)
Which now so faire and long you see,
I like other men then shall I be,
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Then through deceit which was so deep,
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Then did she call his hateful foes,
Cre Sampson from her lap arose,
Who could not the withstand their blow
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To binde him fast they did deuise,
Then did they put out both his eyes,
In prison woefully he lyes,
and there he grinds the mill.
But God remembred all his paine,
And did restore his strength againe,
Although that bound he did remaine,
in prison.
The Philistines now were glad of this,
For ioy they made a feast (I wille)
And all their pines did not misse
to come vnto the same:
And being merry bent that day,
For Sampson they did send stratagems
But they might laugh to see him play,
among them.
Then to house was Sampson led
And when he had their fancies fed,
He plucked the house vpon their head,
and downe they tumbled all:
So that with grieve and deadly paine,
A hye thousand persons there was slaine.
Thus Sampson then with all his craine,
was payned.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

F. J. P. A.

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The wofull lamentation of *Edward Smith*, a poore penitent
prisoner in the Iayle of Bedford, which he wrote a
short time before his death.

To the tune of, *Daintie come thou to me.*

309 310

I Am a Prisoner poore
Opprest with miserie:
O Lord do thou restore,
that faith which wants in me.
In woe I waile and weep,
In griping grief I cry,
In dungeon darke and deep,
In fetters fast I lie
Sighing I sit and moane
My foule offences all,
My loathsome life is knowne,
which makes me live in thral
Ned wich I am, the wight
In prison that remaines,
Tortmented day and night,
with bands and iron chaines.
My toyes are turned to nought,
My hopes are worne away,
My wickednesse hath wrought
my downe-fall and decay.
Those gifts that God gave me,
My wants for to supply,
Abused much I have.
to please my fantasie:
My name I did deny,
In Baptisme given me,
That Sacrament whereby
regenerate I should be.
So wit not strength may serve
The Law to satisfie:
For death I do desire,
in right and equity.
For I offended have
nobles of his degree,
What favour can I craue
for life or liberty.
But hope of life is past,
My acts so hainous be.
And liberty is lost,
till death doe set me free.
All men both old and young
Which are at liberty,
And heare my dolefull song.
Example take by me.
Be true and trust in God,
For theft and vice eschew,
Lest Gods most heauie rod,
correct your deeds untrue.
Would I had nere bin borne
To do such wicked deeds,
Which makes me live in scorne
and shame that soe exceeds.
But that which passed is,
I cannot now recall:
My sinnes and my amisse,
O Lord forgive them all.
Woe worth ill company,
Fie on that filthy crew:
Accurst the day may be
that ever I them knew.

If life and death were set
Before me for to chole,
Though I might pardon get,
my life first would I lose,
Then runne that wicked race,
And doe as I have done,
Sweet Jesus glae me grace,
that life so lewd to shun.
Farewell my louing wife
Who sought to turn my minde,
And make me mend my life,
thy words full true I finde.
Farewell my children all,
My tender Babes adue:
Let this your Fathers fall,
be warning good for you.
Deare wife and infants three,
Serue God remember this,
That you true subiects be,
though I have done amisse.
Farewell my musick sweet,
And Cittern siluer sound,
Durning for me is met
my sinnes do so abound.
O Lord on bended knees
And hands lift up on hie,
Cast on me gracious eyes
with grace my wants supply
Lay not unto my charge,
The thinges that I have done,
Though I have runne at large,
and plaid the vnchaste sonne.
Yet now I do repent,
And humbly come to thee
My sinnes I do lament,
Sweet Jesus comfort me.
O Lord I do lament,
And onely rely in thee,
To praise thee day and night,
for thou redeemedst me.
Lord saue our royall King
Whole prisoner poore am I,
Prolong his daies on earth,
with fame and victorie.
Against his Maestie,
I haue offended soe,
Committing felony,
and now I die therefore.
A dolefull death God knowes,
Which once I did desire:
Thus must I end my woes
which I take patiently,
By thee O Saviour sweet,
In heauen I hope to rest,
In ioy where I shal meet, (blest
those soules whom thou hast
where we shall sing thy praise,
O God, with voyce high,
When I shall end my dayes,
and live eternally.

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